

is also exposed between the road and the railroad for 10 feet more, making the bed at least 45 feet broad; the highest point of rock exposed is 15 feet above the level of the county road.

The dip of the feldspar bed is northward (40°) beneath the gneiss.

The direction of the feldspar bed does not conform to the strike of the belts of gneiss, but, on the contrary, is transverse, *i. e.*, nearly north and south.

The feldspar is orthoclase, of light pink color, with an occasional streak of white granular quartz running through it. Some of the large masses quarried out contain considerable quartz. Large masses of biotite mica are occasionally met with in quarrying; but the occurrence of biotite is not general through the rock.

The quarry was opened in the summer of 1886, and about 30 tons taken out and sold to the potteries at Trenton, etc. It is the only feldspar quarry in Montgomery county. The quarry in Delaware county is described in the Annual Report of the Geological Survey of Pennsylvania for 1886. A few others, in the States of Delaware, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Maine furnish all the feldspar manufactured into pottery in the United States, the total production from all the quarries, from 1882 to 1887, having been 14,000; 14,100; 10,900; 13,600; 14,900; 10,200 tons, valued respectively at \$70,000; \$71,112; \$55,112; \$68,000; \$74,500; \$56,100. The crude feldspar is valued at the Trenton potteries at about \$5 the long ton; and the pulverized feldspar at \$11; the quartz being carefully separated out.

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*A Fragment of Objectionable University-Extension Teaching.*

*By R. Meade Bache.*

*(Read before the American Philosophical Society, May 15, 1891.)*

It need hardly be said, and yet, to obviate the possibility of misinterpretation in outside quarters of that which I am about to remark, it becomes necessary formally to declare that I have no intention to depreciate the cause represented by the well-concerted effort of University-Extension teaching to disseminate knowledge heretofore confined to the comparatively few. I could heartily wish that my theme admitted of no mention save of generalities, but thus treated it would not subserve the interest which I would gladly promote, by being brought home to the

minds of my hearers, upon whose individual influence partially rests the benefit which University-Extension teaching is capable of effecting. The attempt to correct incidental error is strictly correlated to endeavor to promulgate the truth, and if it be wise to seek to sow intellectual seed broadcast, then it must also be wise to select it carefully, and to eradicate the tares if any should appear, especially if the soil be virgin, possessing little previous vigorous growth to maintain itself against invasion of injurious crops that haply may be introduced and appear as fruitage of the untried field.

I was present on the evening of the 16th of February last, at Association Hall, in this city, at the lecture of Prof. Richard G. Moulton, of Cambridge, England, on Dumas' *Monte Cristo* as a companion study to *Prospero*, and there heard his attempt at the demonstration of psychical analogies, similar to those which his Syllabus for other occasions included, between the respectively preternatural and supernatural elements in *Monte Cristo* and *The Tempest*. Yet, although I am a monist, believing that all existences, whether religious, philosophical, or scientific, form one intimately connected and coherent whole in nature, the sole barrier to the just and complete comprehension of which condition lies in the feebleness of the human intellect, I also believe that, perforce of that infirmity, we are constrained to view things in the strictest categories, and that we judge of them only more or less clearly by rigid comparison of their immanent likeness and unlikeness; and hence, although, as was said of Dean Swift by one of his lady-loves, he could write well if he chose to about a broom-stick, it is not, in my view, philosophically permissible to any one to take a broom-stick for a rational flight, and from its suggestion superpose a witch, and with her scale the empyrean, opening up to vision all earthly things below in a maze with relation to themselves and the outspreading heavens.

If by accident, and it was of the purest, for I was invited, and did not go of my own motion to hear Mr. Moulton, some of his teachings have become my text, so much the worse for him, or mayhap for me, if I should meet dissent from my propositions. But I make light of the possible consequences to myself, in view of what I deem the justice of my cause. In the interest of that truth which is said to be mighty and always to prevail, of which, however, I have my serious doubts, I speak frankly in

what I deem the interest of Philadelphia, which I love; of literature, which I also love, and of art generally, which has been my never-ceasing pleasure throughout life. Mr. Moulton's merits are enthusiasm and elocutionary ability, his faults extravagance and defective logical perception. The result is seen in unbridled imagination soaring over the fields of literature, where, however entertaining, he is not a safe guide to dwellers on the average plane of life in mind, thought, training, and all that goes to form the individual as he stands. I proceed, after this necessary preamble, to the discussion of a few statements made by him on the occasion to which I have referred, not relating at all to the point that I have mentioned, but involving what many others as well as myself deem the greatest heresy against tenets fundamental in literature, safely leaving to the sober second-thought and calm review of the literarily educated among his audience the justification of the opinion that I have expressed as to the general tenor and defect of his instruction.

Mr. Moulton opened his lecture with the strange remark that, whereas his own regard is especially reserved for literature in itself, doubtless that of the great majority of his hearers was concentrated upon the author. This was wholly irreconcilable with the fact of the presence of the large audience that greeted him upon that occasion for the ostensible purpose for which it had assembled. Interest in authors, among any portion of the reading public, is always subordinate to interest in literature. That public stands in exactly the same category, if not in exactly the same relation, to literature and authors, as does Mr. Moulton himself. He himself could not, if he would, divest himself of interest in individual authors compatibly with being interested in their works, the one interest with everybody being exactly proportional to the other. He protested too much in his intended exaltation of literature, more than it is human to feel, for there is, upon the assumption of individual love for literature, no other category than one inclusive of the highest teacher and the lowliest scholar, in all that regards the relativeness of literature and the author. If Mr. Moulton's statement were correct, as representing a possible condition of mind, it would be futile to address any mixed audience assembled for literary entertainment and instruction, except by first endeavoring to convert its component individuals from the error of their way of

thinking, that the author is more interesting than his book. But that was evidently not the intention of the lecturer, as set forth in his printed Syllabus of the lecture course, but to make critical study of specimens of the higher literature, upon the assumption of general knowledge of, love for, or at least capacity to learn to appreciate, the productions of master minds in the various provinces of literary art.

A statement in Mr. Moulton's lecture, much more worthy of notice, however, because it involved a dangerous thing to say before a mixed audience, without due qualification to forestall any possible misunderstanding as to the limited reach of the declaration, was contained in his repudiation of all authority for the laws of grammar, clinching the assertion by the remark that in England they do not "set so much store as we in America by Lindley Murray." He declared unreservedly, and proceeded to argue, that so-called laws of grammar are not binding, so repeatedly enforcing the point by using the expression of one of his correspondents, whom he cited as charging that Browning's Caliban "speaks bad grammar," as to impress the listener with the belief that he himself regards that expression as good English. That the sentiment was quite agreeable to some scattered groups among the audience was very evident from the gentle murmur of assent and the incipient stir of applause that arose among them. He went on to say that the popular impression that grammatical law is binding arises from confounding two different senses in which the word is used as defining two diverse things. Now, the idea of law, as everywhere apprehended, however imperfectly formulated as a statement of fact or obligation, however even provisional, has, as a term, but one signification. Relating to physical phenomena, it contains the affirmation of correspondence between cause and effect, authoritative with man. Relating to man, whether as supernally or humanly ruled, it contains the assertion of authority as defining conditions and imposing upon him obedience. Whether, then, the idea is expressed with reference to nature beyond or within man's control, the term corresponds with it, and always relates to that which he regards as authoritative.

Most unfortunate for Mr. Moulton's plea was the distinction which he attempted to draw between legislative laws and the law of custom in language. The essential difference between them,

he affirmed, lies in the fact that legislative laws are imposed by authority under penalty, whereas the so-called laws of grammar, being derived from language, and not it from them, are not of any binding authority whatever. But, just as a general consensus of opinion in a community is by legislative action reflected in the concrete form of legal enactment, so a similar consensus of opinion in a community as to language is reflected concretely in the forms in accepted general usage in speech. Back of all laws of language, as well as of all legislative laws, are mandate and penalty, none the less in the first because they are not there formally expressed. Human laws, whether legislative or otherwise, are, in a word, the expression of the will of the community. The laws of speech, as existing in a particular community, are therefore in their sphere as mandatory as are those of a legislature; nor is their infraction possible without incurring and suffering penalty. Attached to their infraction is the penalty resulting from less comprehensibility in written and oral speech, less ability to secure the widest audience, less possibility of communion with one's fellow-men, and at the lower depths, the absolute impossibility of maintaining the best social status. Because all peoples themselves make language, they cannot be bound by that which they create, is an untenable proposition, seeing that in the evolution of human affairs practice comes first, and then custom, and then the formulation of custom in the unwritten law of precedent, if not in the shape of written law. It is the individual that is bound by the law of grammar as well as other law, not the community creative of correspondent language, and failure to discriminate between the essentially different agencies as, on the one hand, representing authority, and on the other obedience, leads from specious view to specious statement. It may be frankly admitted that Caliban has a right to a grammar of his own, without at the same time admitting that there is no law of grammar, when it is considered that we find all men, up to their individual capacity, using speech with recognition of law incorporate in every individual tongue.

Another unfortunate statement made by Mr. Moulton in the lecture referred to, was when he answered certain criticisms upon Browning, that no matter how he varies his theme, he is generally obscure and ever identifiable through his mask. Mr. Moulton asserted as to these strictures, that every great author

necessarily has his medium through which he must address his world, and it is for his world, if it incline to love him, to study to become familiar with the medium in which the message of the seer is at first enshrouded. But even undeniable greatness in literature, and such is Browning's, does not depend upon obscurity, but must needs be lessened, not increased by obscurity. Neither does personality, inseparable from utterance, enhance, but, on the contrary, it limits literary greatness. Unless we are to renounce existing standards, obscurity cannot be admitted as a merit, but must be recognized as a defect. Mr. Moulton mentioned *The Ring and the Book* as perhaps the greatest of all poems, and therefore, inferentially, Browning as perhaps the greatest of all poets. The work is marvelously fine, despite fitful, but by no means continuous obscurity, despite portions in which its style is too Hudibrastic to suit the graveness of the theme, and most notably of all (because it might so easily have been otherwise by a halt in time), despite the lameness of its ending. Browning himself says, in the very first line of the superfluous last part of the poem, "Here were the end, had anything an end;" yet relentlessly goes on to reflections of the late actors on the scene, now tame and uninteresting, with even mention that Guido died penitent (with short shrift it must have been, an hour or so at most, including the procession to the place of execution); for which the reader cares not a jot, such terrorized reconciliation of life with death being the common end of darkest criminality in face of unexpected retribution. Fearful is the anticlimax, with its additional Byronic looking towards and mention of the "British Public," when, merely by omission, the grandest possible climax lay just before the author, where the doomed miscreant, Guido, renouncing on the instant his mock heroics and blatant atheism, as he hears his executioners at his cell's door, every shred of pretense falling from his naked hideousness, cries, "Abate,—Cardinal,—Christ,—Maria,—God, . . . . Pompilia, will you let them murder me?" The tale is told. There is a natural ending, beyond which extension is but injury: even the epilogue is out of date. But such things apart, can it possibly be thought as worthy of existence as the first part of *Faust*, which, if men remain as men now are, must endure until earth, grown cold and lifeless, still rolls on through space. To address his world, a limited world, a less

than the greatest type of author may be obscure and must be personal through his writings, but to address the whole world, to be greatest in literary art, one must so dominate it in clearness and impersonality as though behind the Olympian clouds, where almost alone stands Shakespeare. The grand epic traits of Homer, all but his equal among the immortals, admit of no direct comparison between them, but speaking broadly, there is nothing to choose between them on the score of clearness and impersonality.

It is recognized that what is superlatively great in art is known as such by all orders of men: the fact is thus determined. Before such works no veil of obscurity hangs, but supreme greatness in them is revealed, if not equally, at least as a presence to all men. This law of perception, however, does not exist for science and the highest scientific men. Herbert Spencer has toiled through a long life generally unknown, and wholly unremunerated with this world's goods, although, with well-poised brain and feet firmly set on logical procedure, he has made a march of progress, barring his agnosticism, joined by thousands who have taken fire from his torch to millions beyond unaware of whence came the light. But art is for all the world, by the simple avenues of sense, with much or little intellect, while science, the possession of the few, must ever remain beyond the ken of the multitude save in diluted forms of knowledge. Yet, in entire forgetfulness of the present civilized standpoint in science, Mr. Moulton declared that the savage's knowledge of nature far exceeds that of the civilized man. The ground taken for the assertion was the savage's recognized capacity in woodcraft, following trails, and other skillfulness of the most primitive sort, forced upon him by his daily needs, and not to be spoken of in the same breath with the larger acquaintance with nature possessed by civilized man for centuries, especially that represented by the late wondrous civilized advance through study of the highest physical laws.

The *omne admirari* is as pernicious a phase of the human intelligence as is that of the *nil admirari* attitude of mind. To be catholic in taste is not to embrace all creeds and proselytize to every faith. To enjoy truly, with exalted sense, is to discriminate. To have the highest æsthetic enjoyment throughout life depends upon holding one's self in the attitude of receptivity for

all that may appeal to one within the present accepted canons of good taste, and beyond, even if it be unfamiliar, for genius is ever enlarging the bounds of taste. The canons of good taste at a given moment of time represent but the evolutionary point of general human advance, beyond which one cannot proceed sanely by leaps, but led by genius, may enter untrodden space beyond. Except the fundamental, there are no absolutely fixed canons of good taste in art but the academical, and they are constantly invaded, for the grand jury of the world is always in session to decide upon works of art, and its decision is final. The life of the individual artist may pass away unrecognized and unrequited, but the span that the longest life compasses is short in comparison with that which may be for all time. To attempt to defend the greatest author at every point, to find no blemish even in obscurity, to make human imperfection flawless, is mistaken zeal. One of the most conspicuous marks of genius is the inequality of its productions. Look for confirmation anywhere, amid many cases that might be cited, to Goethe, to Victor Hugo. In a single work, *Wilhelm Meister*, are to be met palaces and huts, jostling each other. What a great gulf divides *L'Homme qui Rit* from *Nôtre Dame de Paris*. Compare George Eliot's *Romola*, gem of the purest water, with *Daniel Deronda*, and thence descend in our survey to the depths of ineffable dullness in *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such*. Truly, there is difference in kind between these, making intimate comparison between them impossible; but it is purely between degree as limited by kind as kind that I am instituting the comparison. Is each production of these authors as good of its kind as is another by the same author of a different kind, within its kind; and is not one wholly unworthy of another? that is a fair consideration. Within the very same kind, however (let us put the question to a crucial test), shall we, out of love for Shakespeare, say that even he is always equal to himself? Instance any men and women of genius, and it can easily be shown, if they produced much, that side by side with great performance lies what was beneath their greatness to produce, if it go no further (but it does go much further) than such lapse where even Homer nods. Vainly, because we love an author, would we claim for him equality in all his creation. If so attempting, we really seek to strip him of one of the characteristics that shed, not lustre, but a side-light, on the title to his fame.

Mankind is subject to epidemic crazes of anticipation, admiration and repudiation. The Mississippi Scheme and the South-Sea Bubble, blown to hugest dimensions by the breath of millions, sailed upward until burst by continued puffs of praise. Within a very short period Brown-Séquard, who did not even claim that which the public attributed to him, was raised heavenward, then dropped to earth. Koch was most wisely moderate in statement; all to no purpose when the imagination of the public set sense aflame. Even tulips, two centuries ago, and orchids, but yesterday, have each had with the proverbial dog their little exalted day; that of the dog, as no longer individual, but collective in popular admiration, reigning at present throughout the whole Anglo-Saxon world. In what an unæsthetic general atmosphere of judgment of excellence we live we must perceive upon reflection that, through jaquemynots, la France, and other types, it took fashion at last to find out, and that but lately, the beauty of the rose. But this especially modern development of factitious rapture is not in the real interest of anything good, least of all in that of cultivating popular taste for art. The best interests of that cultivation lie in appreciative recognition of greatness, though careful discrimination and frankest acknowledgment of imperfections as well as merits in a work of art, while at bottom thankfulness is felt for the gift that has been added to the sum of blessings. It is not ennobling to kiss with equal fervor the clay feet and the golden brow of our idol. Gladly let us welcome him among our household gods; remembering, however, that after all, he is human, but all the more lovable for being so. Let us avoid lauding his imperfections, as did Mr. Moulton, when he claimed merit even for the obscurity of Browning, because, as he said, it arises "from excessive sight." The defense is inadmissible; for art depends upon perspective, upon rigid selection, involving therefore exclusion, converging upon finest limitation, resulting in ideal form evolved from void. He who in literature strives at any time to include, or does inadvertently include, in the treatment of a theme, more in quantity or in quality than its development can symmetrically combine, has not then successfully raised the sleeping angel from the block of marble. Virgil, with excessive requirement of his own exquisite skill, well understood the demands of the highest art, when he willed that at his death the work which he had not yet published should perish; for he

as well as others of the ancients knew well, as the French of modern times know and strive to practice, that it is in perfection of form that literary as well as all other art chiefly and almost wholly resides; and in literature, unlike other art, which is limited, form includes color, and even the "concord of sweet sounds," and all else that, from delicacy to robustness, through human strength and weakness, appeals to the wide range of affections in the responsive heart of man.

Whoso likes, in poetry or prose, unformed, elusive idea, that sparkles evanescently with promise but half-redeemed in uncoördinated thought, either enjoys the contemplation of his own profundity, not the author's work, or else is himself so much poet or reasoner that, from fitful gleams of light, as one may think out a whole heaven, inspired by the droning from a stupid pulpit, he shapes to suit his fantasy what, not the bard nor other writer, but his unconscious self lends to the satisfaction of his soul. In either case is self-analysis wanting, which would prove to such misguided beings that works which so inspire are not of art, but of art's inchoate suggestion; a pleasant sketch perchance, but not the finished picture, in which they themselves complete the task; for although in literature the delicately, not the mathematically expressed idea, combines the finest finish with its form, it is also true that in it all should ever tend from airy nothing, not thither to revert, or never issue. Admirably Browning says:

"Fancy with fact is just one fact the more;  
To wit, that fancy has informed, transpierced,  
Thridded and so thrown fast the facts else free,  
As right through ring and ring runs the djerid  
And binds the loose, one bar without a break."

But, just as in all literary art the djerid, *fancy*, is needed truly to bind fact together in all-inclusive bond, so also in all literary art is needed the first of facts, the djerid, *form*, to "bind the loose," in parts and whole, as one "without a break."